

The Sketch

No. 1314 — Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1918

NINEPENCE.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT THE HON. ALAN BURNS: MISS ESTHER MILDRED LEON.

The engagement of the only son of a notable personage in the shipping world has been received with much interest. The bride-elect is Miss Esther Mildred Leon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon, of Hans Place, S.W., and grand-daughter of Sir Herbert Leon, of Bletchley Park, Bucks. Her fiancé is the Hon. John Alan Burns, only son of Lord Inverclyde. He

was born in 1897, and is a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards. His father, Lord Inverclyde, of Castle Wemyss, is Lord-Lieutenant of Co. Dumbarton, a Warden of the Shipwrights Company, and the moving spirit of great shipping and financial undertakings. Lady Inverclyde was Miss Nugent-Dunmore, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Nugent-Dunmore, of Machermore Castle.



By KEBBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

RECORDED CONVERSATIONS.

(*For the Benefit of Posterity.*)

III.—THE MILITARY EXPERT. (Date—March 18, 1918.)

EXPERT: Are you one of the people who believe that the Germans are about to make a great offensive on the Western Front?

LEARNER: Well, yes, I think I am.

EXPERT: Ah! I thought so! Now, give me your reasons! What are your reasons?

LEARNER: Well, of course, I don't pretend to know anything about military strategy. I'm not an expert like you.

EXPERT: Never mind. I know that. I'll allow for that. I want to get at the reasoning of the lay mind.

LEARNER: Well, I think they'll make a great offensive because they've got to do it now or not at all.

EXPERT: I see. You mean the arrival of the Americans, I take it?

LEARNER: Yes. That and the supposed economic conditions of Germany and Austria. If they don't smash us on the West pretty soon, I don't see how they can have a dog's chance.

EXPERT: Very interesting. Very interesting indeed. Would you care to hear my view of the matter?

LEARNER: Certainly I should.

EXPERT: There will be no offensive on the Western Front this spring.

LEARNER: That's rather a bold statement, isn't it?

EXPERT: It may seem so. In reality, the situation is as clear as daylight. The German is talking very loudly about the coming offensive in the West. Now, just ask yourself this question: Why should he advertise his movements in advance?

LEARNER: For the benefit, I imagine, of the German and Austrian public. Not that I pretend to—

EXPERT: Quite. For elementary reasoning, that is good enough. But elementary reasoning is not of much use when dealing with the gentle Hun. I have studied him, inside and out, since the very beginning of the war, and I can now read his mind as plainly as I can read yours. There will, I repeat, be no German offensive on the Western Front this spring—probably not this year. They will be content to hold us there whilst their main operations are conducted in an easterly direction. Watch Salonika! Watch Egypt! Watch the Suez Canal! Watch Palestine! Watch Greece! Watch—!

LEARNER: Rather a lot to watch, eh?

EXPERT: Never mind. You watch 'em all. And get that bee out of your bonnet about an offensive on the Western Front. Now, I must trot off and write three or four articles. The Government and Haig must be put wise. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! When will this awful responsibility end?

IV.—THE NEW NANA.

NURSE STATE: Time for bed, Master Johnnie.

JOHNNIE BULL: But it can't be! It isn't even dark yet!

NURSE STATE: Half-past nine. That's the time you have to go, dark or not. I hope you're not going to give me any trouble, now?

JOHNNIE BULL: But it isn't really half-past nine! It's only half-past eight by the real time! It's cheating to say it's half-past nine when it's only half-past eight!

NURSE STATE: The time is what I say it is! If I liked to say it was half-past ten, half-past ten it would be.

JOHNNIE BULL: And if you liked to say it was Thursday when it was Wednesday, would it be Thursday?

NURSE STATE: Certainly.

JOHNNIE BULL: And if you liked to say it was May when it was April, would it be May?

NURSE STATE: Yes.

JOHNNIE BULL: And if you liked to say it was summer when it was winter, would the sun shine and the flowers come out?

NURSE STATE: Now, look here, you aggravating, tiresome little wretch! If you think I'm going to stand here all night arguing with you, that's where you are mistaken! Will you come to bed at once, or will you not?

JOHNNIE BULL: Suppose I say I won't, what will you do?

NURSE STATE: Then I shall have to make you. But I'm sure you won't give me all that trouble at the end of a long and tiring day. I'm sure you'll be a good boy and do as you're told, won't you, now?

JOHNNIE BULL: How would you make me?

NURSE STATE: Oh, I could easily do that. I should put out all the lights and leave you in the dark.

JOHNNIE BULL: That wouldn't make me go to bed if I didn't want to.

NURSE STATE: Oh, yes, it would! You'd soon get tired of sitting up all by yourself!

JOHNNIE BULL: How d'you know I should be all by myself?

NURSE STATE: Because nobody would sit up in the dark with you.

JOHNNIE BULL: Oh, yes, they would. I know who would. Cousin Ethel would.

NURSE STATE: Miss Ethel would do nothing of the sort. She's far too nice a young lady. Besides, if I caught her at it, I'd lock her in her room.

JOHNNIE BULL: Then I should read.

NURSE STATE: Read! Listen to the silly boy! And how would you manage to read in the dark, pray?

JOHNNIE BULL: Learn Braille.

NURSE STATE: Oh, you—! Now, will you come to bed or not? Answer me!

JOHNNIE BULL: Of course, I will, old thing, if you really mean it. I only wanted to show you that you couldn't make me.



APPEARING IN "THE LILAC DOMINO," AT THE EMPIRE: Mlle. OLIVETTE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

ON WAR-WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD : PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

ON NURSING DUTY IN THE BALKANS :
MISS HAIG.AT THE WAR OFFICE :
MISS TEMPEST-HICKS.AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER :
MRS. KELD FENWICK.

ON WAR-WORK IN PARIS : MRS. R. E. FOSTER.

WIFE OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GARRETT
ANDERSON MEMORIAL : LADY HALL.PROMOTING NURSERIES AND COMMUNAL KITCHENS :
LADY NORRIS WITH HER DAUGHTER NANETTE.

Miss Haig is a daughter of Captain A. P. Haig, of Blairhill, Rumbling Bridge, N.B. She recently left for Salonika, and probably Serbia, with the Elsie Inglis Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital.—Miss Tempest-Hicks is a daughter of Brig.-Gen. Henry Tempest-Hicks, commanding Western Coast Defences.—Mrs. Keld Fenwick, whose husband is in

the Royal Horse Guards, is the daughter of Sir William Wilson.—Mrs. R. E. Foster is the widow of the famous cricketer, and sister-in-law of Mrs. Basil Foster (Miss Gwendoline Brogden).—Lady Hall is the wife of Col. Sir John Hall, who originated the Garrett Anderson Memorial.—Lady Norris is the wife of Col. Sir Henry George Norris.



The Guards' Matinée.

The Irish Guards' War Fund Matinée at the Empire Theatre was a huge success, and occupied the whole afternoon. It was an all-stairs programme, in which shone Irene Vanbrugh, Gladys Cooper, Violet Loraine, Lily Elsie, and Joseph Coyne, Edmée Dormeuil, Régine Flory, Jan Oyra, etc. The audience was quite a galaxy of gala. The two Queens were present, also Princess Victoria and Princess Mary. I noticed in the house Baroness d'Erlanger, Lady Cunard, Lady Lavery, and Rudyard Kipling, whose patriotic poem, recited by Henry Ainley, in khaki, was the most applauded item of the day. Lady Paget is to be congratulated on the success of her management.



THE FIRST BRIGADIER OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : BRIGADIER-GENERAL (FORMERLY CAPTAIN) ARTHUR VYELL VYVYAN, R.N. Brigadier-General Vyvyan, the first of the eight Brigadiers of the R.A.F., did fine work as a Beach Master in the Gallipoli landings, and received the D.S.O. He has since been Sir Godfrey Paine's Naval Assistant, and Assistant Chief of the R.N.A.S.

Photograph by Speaight.

"The Would-Be Angel." In the last, the two pretty authors played—Miss Lilian Lumley, who was The Angel, and the Hon. Doris Harbord, Lord Suffield's daughter, her cousin for the nonce. A sister of one author, the Hon. Lettice Harbord, played Jane the housemaid well. Audrey Smith, aged six, was extraordinarily clever at the piano, and pleasantly shy—unusual this in an infant prodigy; four violinists fiddled delightfully—Misses E. Cooke, G. Howard, A. Rocamora, and G. Griffiths; and Miss Margaret McLeod and Miss Phyllis Agnew sang sweetly. Miss Lally and the organisers deserve congratulations that their entertainment

went so surely and swiftly—there were no long, agonising waits.

"Romance" and "Romanticismo." There is a deal of talent in the de la Warr family. I saw Miss Stella Rho, niece of the Countess de la Warr, in "Romanticismo," at the Comedy, on March 19, when the Pioneer Players gave a charity matinée for the Italian Hospital. You remember Miss Rho as the quaint old waiting-maid to La Belle Cavallini, in "Romance." In the Italian play, however, she is, as she is, quite young and fair, and she managed to look handsome, yet rend our hearts with her sorrow—an unusual achievement. Others who played well were Cowley Wright, Leslie Howard, Ruth Bower, Mrs. Raleigh, and Jess Dollyne.



Dora: "If you're good children I'll let you stay up an hour longer."

During Drury Lane's Season. I paid an unofficial visit to the only performance of "Ivan the Terrible" which is to be given during the present season, and found myself

one of a packed, interested, and slightly perplexed audience. That Rimsky-Korsakov's music is both interesting and stimulating goes without saying; but the slender nature of the plot and the relative absence of incident somewhat militate against the success of the work with a popular audience. Still, the applause was generous, and there were many outward symptoms of approval, so perhaps the opera may grow in favour as it becomes better known. The name-part gives Robert Radford (who, if he had not been endowed by Nature with a voice, would inevitably have become a great tragedian) scope both for his vocal and histrionic gifts, and adequate justice was done to the other Personages who figure in the argument.



THE L.C.C.'S FIRST WOMAN DEPUTY CHAIRMAN: MISS K. WALLAS.
Photograph by C.N.



The latest edict of the Grocers: "Bring your own jam-pots!"

**"Au Clair de la Lune"—
(Old French Song.)**

It was understood that the sudden indisposition of an indispensable prin-

cipal was the controlling element of the alteration. Julius Harrison once again conducted, and while both Frederic Austin and Maurice d'Oisly played and sang acceptably as Marcel and Rudolph, perhaps the success of the evening was Jeanne Brola's portrayal of the arch, enticing, and, later, forlorn Mimi. A word, too, must be said for Olive Townend, who sang

the melody allotted to Musetta in the second act very sweetly and quite con amore.

The After-Coffee Concert.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's "Hour of Music" at Claridge's, on Sunday evening, continues to be a popu-

lar feature among West End amenities, and one may always be certain of hearing some interesting, but not severely classical music. On a recent occasion I heard, amongst others, Miss Hélène Dolmetsch, Miss Yolande Denys, Mr. Constantin Stroesco, and Mr. Alfred O'Shea, who sang Liza Lehmann's setting of "Ah, Moon of My Delight" after the manner of a born artist.

French as It is Taught.

There can be no pleasanter way of furbishing up one's French than by spending one's Sunday with the French Players, of which company Mr. J. T. Grein is president. Their second representation this season took place at the Queen's Theatre, on March

24; and under the able direction of Mr. Jules Delacre was a vast success. Two charming French actresses much appreciated by the English public, Mlle.

Yvonne Arnaud and Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil, proved, methinks, as great a draw as the fine lines of "L'Amour Médecin" of Molière, and Alfred de Musset's "Le Chandelier," which classical plays composed the programme.

A Brieux Lecture.

Up two long flights of winding stairs to the library of the Royal Society of Literature I went on a recent Wednesday, to hear Professor W. L. Courtney, LL.D., lecture on "Some Plays of Brieux." In a confessedly desultory



COME OVER TO COOK THE GERMAN GOOSE? MR. NEWTON D. BAKER, U.S. WAR SECRETARY (LEFT), WITH DR. PAGE, LEAVING THE AMERICAN EMBASSY.—[Photograph by Topical.

talk, he analysed "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont," and "Damaged Goods" (recently performed at the Ambassadors' and St. Martin's Theatres), "False Gods," "Planchette," and "Evasion," dwelling on Brieux's belief, as a dogmatic moralist and public servant, that the office of the drama is to popularise science by treating every social problem frankly, and calling a spade a spade. It is noticeable that the audiences at Ibsen and Brieux plays are composed chiefly of women. The twentieth-century woman, said Professor Courtney, is interested in the ruthless veracity of social problems, because she wants to know the truth, in the fervent and pathetic hope that it will set her free. Man, the omniscient, already knows the truth, and does not, therefore, wish to see the veil torn from conventions.



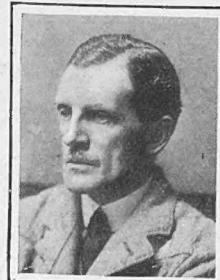
Hardupp: "Here's good news at last, Stoney the Government's commanded the Bankruptcy Court."

morning. Every night the mystical, magic moon—blameless in Bath, if not in London. At half-past eleven in the morning *le haut monde et le beau monde* drink the waters at the famous Pump Room. If you haven't rheumatism or gout, you assume it; armed with your pint-glass of hot, insipid water from the ever-spouting spring, you drown your disgustful reluctance by heroic sips, while you listen to the concert. Sticks are much in evidence amongst civilians (men and women), as well as with the military; also thermos flasks, in which to carry away the precious, health-restoring abomination. Every afternoon and evening the Pump Room Orchestra of sixteen players, under the inspiring leadership of Mr. G. B. Robinson, gives a fine concert in the Roman Promenade. Last week, Miss Adela Verne (pianist) and Mr. Bridge Peters (baritone) were the soloists. During the afternoon intermission we take tea on the terrace overlooking the old Roman baths, and wander through the historical corridors hung with souvenirs of bygone glorious days, when Bath was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. At the Empire



The honest thief: "You got the coupons, Alf: leave three where the chickens was: we won't rob the blighter."

For poultry a coupon has hitherto been required to cover a number of ounces . . . This is to be altered, and one or more coupons will be made to cover the purchase of a whole bird.



PAINTER OF THE PINERONIAN DROP-SCENE FOR "THE FREAKS": MR. CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

Camera Study by Bertram Park.

Bath and Its Beau Monde. Spring has come in

Bath, and with it all the delightful sights and sounds and smells that indicate awakening after a winter's sleep. The sweet trilling of birds, the lusty cock-a-doodle-doo, warm sunlit haze in the valley three hundred feet below me; the winding, silver Avon; green towns rolling to the eastern horizon; the beautiful Abbey, with its exquisite stained-glass windows; a mad orgy of noisy, monotonous church bells of all denominations, jangling the sweet quiet into horrid discords; the occasional hum of an aeroplane from the R.F.C. training-school—this is a composite picture of a wonderful March Sunday



aspect, and very fierce. Lady Tredegar has a similar one, a little smaller, and I hear that his admiration of Lady Tredegar's dragon was responsible for his receiving the larger dragon which now breathes defiance to all his enemies from the bonnet of his car. Lady Tredegar, I hear, has lent her drawing-room in her beautiful house in Grosvenor Square to M. Boris Lensky for a song recital on Saturday, April 13, at 3.30 p.m. M. Lensky will be assisted by M. Desiré Dafauw, with Mr. George Reeves at the piano, and a wonderful programme of music has been arranged—songs by Chausson, Duparc, Aubert, Trepard, Ravel, and Bron; violin solos by Jean Marie Leclair, Marin Marais, and François Francoeur; then we are promised "Stornelli Toscani," by Blair Fairchild; "La Follia," by Corelli; and a group of songs by Rimsky-Korsakov. Tickets, including tax, are £1 2s. 6d. and 11s. 6d., and may be obtained from Lady Mary Hugel, 13, Vicarage Gate, W. 8; and M. Boris Lensky, 11, Edith Grove, Chelsea, S.W. 10.



APPOINTED DIVISIONAL OFFICER OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE: MAJOR C. C. B. MORRIS, M.C.

Major Morris served in France from October 1914, to July 1917. He joined the Fire Brigade ten years ago.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

With Our Forces in Palestine.

A private view of the new official War Films was held at the New Gallery Cinema on Thursday, March 21. The first official film, "With the Forces on the Palestine Front," might even have been prolonged in places with success—where, for instance, the Royal Engineers lay telegraph and telephone wires on the road to Maghaba. True, we saw one pole being erected; but, just when it was being placed in position and everyone was waiting impatiently to see the various odd little contrivances manipulated—flick!—and the scene changed to a "Dressing Station." Especially interesting was the Desert Railway, constructed



INVENTOR OF NEW FOODS—CLOVER, GRASS, AND SEAWEED JELLY: DR. SAMBON, OF HAMPSTEAD, WITH SOME CLOVER PREPARATIONS.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

VERY FOND OF FATHER'S SEAWEED JELLY: DR. SAMBON'S LITTLE BOY GIVEN A SPOONFUL BY HIS MOTHER.

Hotel are Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, Lady Devonport, and Mrs. Fred Terry. The Dowager Lady Napier of Magdala, from Hampton Court Palace, Lady Coghlan, and Major-General Sir W. B. Hickie are at the Grand Pump Room Hotel. At the Pulteney are the Earl of Berkeley, Lord and Lady Rotherham, the Comte and Comtesse de Lalaing, Lady Kathleen Melliss, and Sir Walter and Lady Prideaux. The Marquise de Beaumont and the Dowager Lady Henniker Heaton are at the Lansdown Grove Hotel. At the Francis Hotel are Lady Freeling, Lady Peterson, Lady Knollys, and Colonel Hare.

The Lloyd George Luck. Mr. Lloyd George has a fascinating mascot on his car; it is a big silver dragon—Welsh in



The charge of the Pommes-Pommes de (ventre a-) Terre.

"Lord Rhondda said at Bristol last night the potato might win the war."—*Daily Paper.*



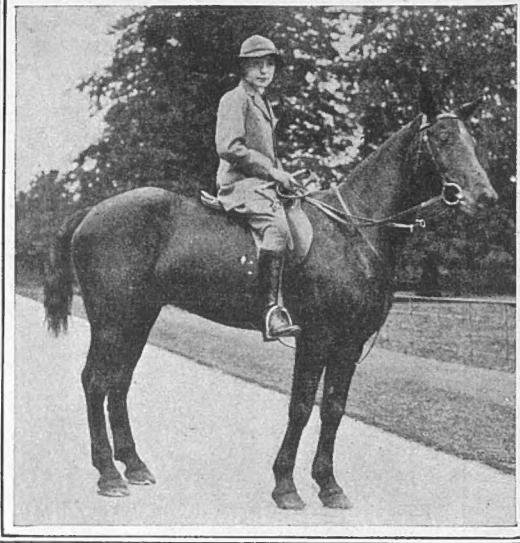
A WOULD-BE M.P.: MISS NINA BOYLE, WHO INTENDS TO CONTEST THE BYE-ELECTION AT KEIGHLEY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE public messages of the King to Sir Douglas Haig have their place in current history. But I heard the other day a little story told by courtiers about the Field-Marshal's last visit to Buckingham Palace. "Here is a man," said a Personage, "whom I present with equal pleasure to my friends and to my enemies."

Pages of History

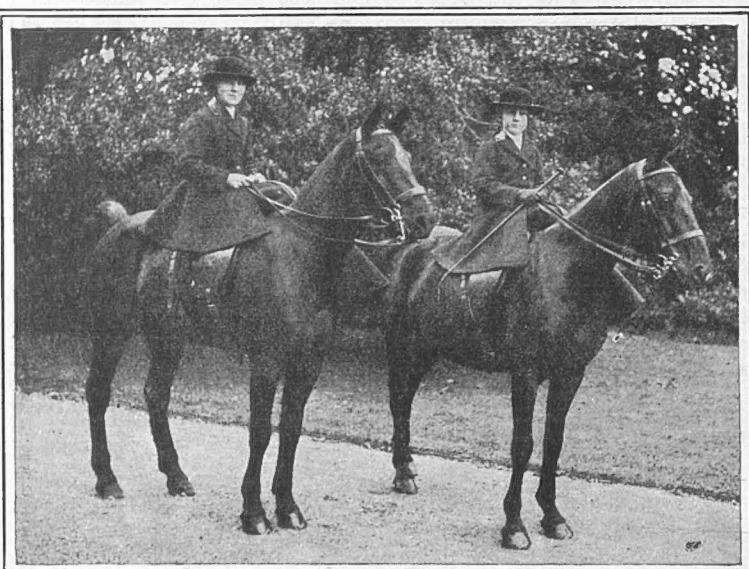


A KEEN YOUNG SPORTSMAN: THE HON. IVOR GUEST.

The Hon. Ivor Guest, son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Wimborne, is only fourteen, but has inherited a love of sport from his very popular father, and is particularly fond of riding. He has two sisters—the Hon. Rosemary and the Hon. Cynthia Guest, both of whom are very popular in the Viceregal Lodge circle.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

eagerness with which such reports are spoken and heard. The Queen's interest in Mrs. Page's account of the American Hospital just opened in Kensington Palace Gardens will take practical shape in an early visit to the wards that are not at all monastically named—"Benjamin Franklin," "George Washington," "Stonewall Jackson," and "Robert Lee." But Mr. and Mrs. Chester Beattie are the real tutelary deities of the hospital they have generously provided; and Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Harcourt have already paid preliminary visits to its pretty wards arranged in harmonies of brown and white, of rose and white, and of blue.



DAUGHTERS OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND: THE HON. ROSEMARY AND THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST.

The Hon. Rosemary Guest, seen on the left of our photograph, is the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and was born in 1906. Her sister, the Hon. Cynthia, was born in 1908, and both are quite accomplished young horsewomen. Their mother, Lady Wimborne, was, before her marriage, the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

In Denmark.

Another American Ambassador whose large sympathies have, naturally, less scope in a neutral country than Mr. Page's in England, is Maurice Francis Egan, the representative of the United States in Copenhagen for the last decade of years. Queen Alexandra makes a point of seeing Mr. Egan whenever she visits her native land, and his own countrymen have just had the pleasure of exchanging views with him during a brief vacation he has just permitted himself. At the Legation, he says, all rationing regulations are duly observed—even to the limitation of a weekly half-a-pound of butter for each adult in the land of butter. A coat ordered from a Court tailor in Copenhagen by his Excellency took seven months in the making. Coal has risen as high as £20 a ton; and light is so scarce that a major operation by night has been performed by the illumination of a bicycle-lamp. Mr. Egan's shopping is not entirely domestic, however, for he it was who, after the war began, bought the Danish West Indies for the United States.

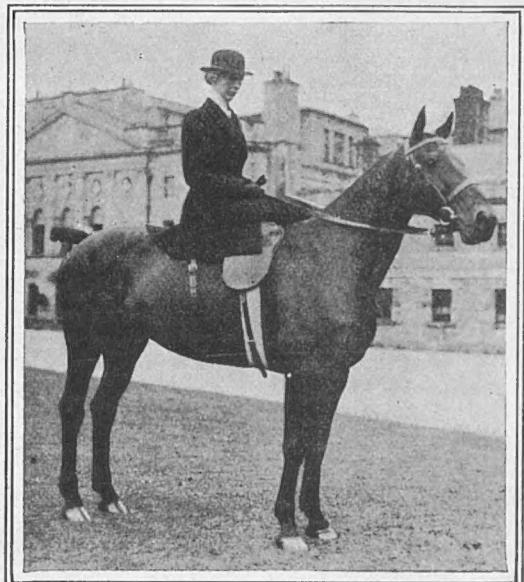
Cheese-Paring.

On the very day that war was declared a noble Lord, out for sacrifice, announced in his club dining-room that he would not touch champagne as long as the war lasted—even if it lasted for three months! He has nearly forgotten the foaming beverage by now. But he finds the famine in cheese a harder proposition. Perhaps he has a special and hereditary interest in that article of diet. In the seventeenth century Wales looked on cheese as a speciality of its own. Hence the story which many a mere Englishwoman remembers with sympathy to-day.

Queen Henrietta Maria, being with child, longed for some cheese; and when one of her ladies wondered that she, a Frenchwoman, should hanker after fare so coarse, the Queen replied, "Oh, but it is the unborn Prince of Wales who longs for it." The Welsh Rabbit and the Cheshire Cheese are names that commemorate the Principality's partiality for the tit-bit that no longer baits even the London mouse's trap.

A Run for (Married) Life.

Arundel, within easy railway reach of Victoria, is an ideal haven for honeymoons that may be cruelly ended at any moment by the husband's recall to the war. So Lord and Lady Carlton sped thither from the Yorkshire village they had astonished by a Sunday wedding that would not wait for Lord Fitzwilliam's chance of coming from France to give his daughter away. Her marriage to Lord Wharncliffe's elder son was a sight Lady Elfrida Fitzwilliam could not deny to her own devoted villagers at Wentworth Woodhouse, so Lord Carlton hastened thither, hot from the Front, only to re-train for Sussex as soon as the ceremony was over. As somebody said, it was all *A Run to the river* of that name. Very appropriate to the speeding-up of all the plans was the prompt arrival of a wedding guest by aeroplane—a new idea which is not likely to remain without a similar happening.

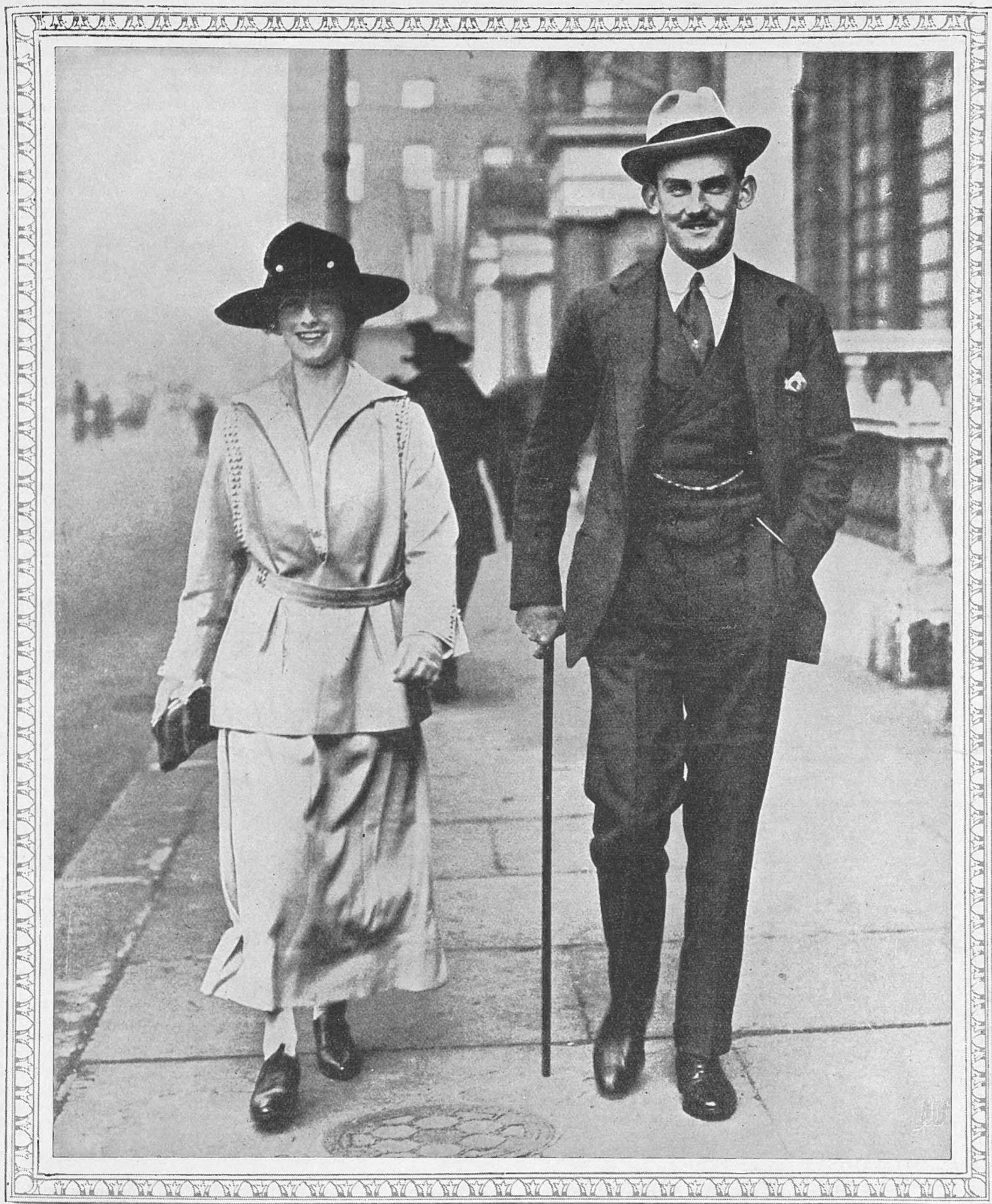


RED CROSS WORKER AND SPORTSWOMAN: VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT.

Lady Powerscourt is President of the County Wicklow branch of the Red Cross Society, and has, since the commencement of the war, been an indefatigable worker for our soldiers. She is also a keen and popular follower of the most prominent Irish packs. Her husband, Captain Viscount Powerscourt, Irish Guards, was Comptroller of the Household to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen, 1906-7. Lady Powerscourt, before her marriage, was Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie, daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie. Lord Powerscourt took part in the Gallipoli Expedition in the present war.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

A PEERAGE WEDDING. A LIFEGUARDSMAN AND HIS BRIDE.

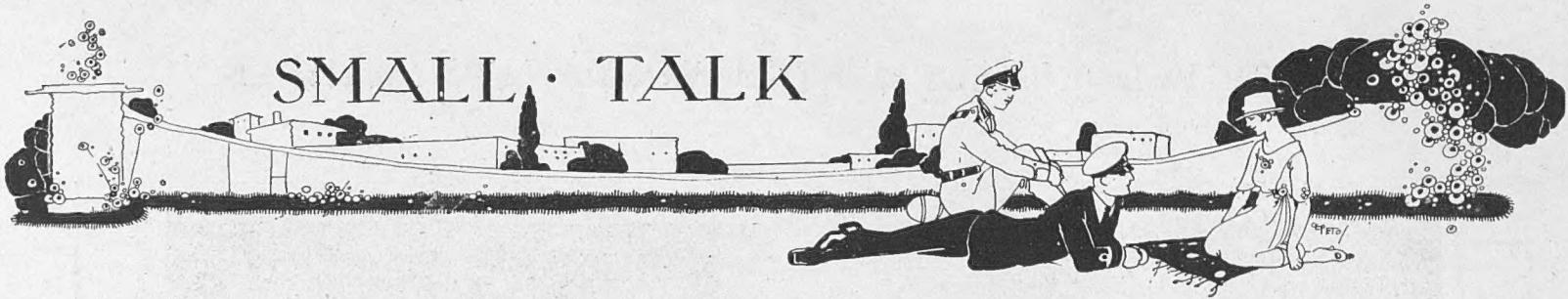


An Earl's Son and an Earl's Daughter Recently Married: Viscount and Viscountess Carlton.

The wedding of Viscount Carlton and Lady Elfrida Wentworth Fitzwilliam was celebrated at Wentworth Woodhouse on Sunday, March 24. The ceremony took place at short notice, as Lord Carlton, who is serving in the Life Guards, had obtained unexpected leave. The bride's three sisters acted as bridesmaids, and her brother, Viscount Milton, carried

her train. The bridegroom is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Wharncliffe, and his bride is the eldest daughter of Colonel the Earl Fitzwilliam and Countess Fitzwilliam. Viscount Carlton, who was born in 1892, was educated at Eton and the Royal Military College. The bride was born in 1898.—[Photograph by News Illustrations Company.]

SMALL TALK



A HOLY WEEK wedding is always a rarity, but Nonconformists do not take so severe a view of the matter as Church people, and Miss Spicer, who was married last Wednesday to Mr. Ronald McKinnon Wood, is a zealous worker at Whitefriars, where the wedding took place. Her father, Sir Albert Spicer, will be remembered as the Chairman of the Marconi Committee. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. McKinnon Wood, who left the Cabinet with Mr. Asquith.

A Man of Money. Lord Cunliffe, who is resigning the Governorship of the Bank of England, has occupied that responsible position since 1913, and has had such an experience as no predecessor ever enjoyed—if it can be called enjoyment. As a rule, no Governor has served for more than two years—there are only two instances to the contrary—so that Lord Cunliffe's five-year tenure is a record in every way. Nobody ever had a better grasp of the multifarious duties involved, and his peerage was probably as well deserved as any war honour. Lord Cunliffe, whose seat is at Epsom, is still a good tennis-player, though past seventy. He inclines to the view that we should never go back to sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and believes the British public will not want them again, after an experience of paper money for small amounts.

Still Writing. Mr. Algernon Blackwood, who dealt with the subject of re-incarnation in "Julius Le Vallon," is, I hear, shortly to publish a drama bearing on the same idea. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that his work under the British Red Cross in France has not prevented him exercising his powers as an imaginative writer. Besides the drama already referred to, the inventor of "wumbled" has written an air book—not about the Air Force, but one the lesson of which, as I understand it, is that we should all have more faith, live more carelessly, and depend more upon a developed guidance of our subconscious powers, in much the same way that birds depend upon the subconscious mind in Nature for their infallible instinct for migration.

Not What You'd Expect. It is rather curious that a man who has had such a varied experience of the hard facts of life as Mr. Blackwood should so persistently write of a world of dreamland. Farming in Toronto, running an hotel "Out West," life in the Canadian Backwoods and in New York, are hardly, one would imagine, calculated to stimulate a keen sense of the spiritual side of things.

Busy with Success. It's only the truly busy who always have time for more work, and Lady (Milsom) Rees, the indefatigable head of the Edinburgh Ward in Charing Cross Hospital, has added to her already strenuous duties by consenting to organise a matinée in aid of that thoroughly deserving institution. It says much for her energy and that of Mrs. Edward Hulton, who

is co-operating in the effort, that a brisk business in ticket-selling for the affair, which takes place on April 19, is being carried on at 38, Conduit Street. Though it sounds incredible, the organisers have succeeded in introducing a novel note into the programme. A two-hours' bill is a distinct improvement on the entertainment that lasts any time from three to four and a-half hours, and the time-limit will, it is promised, be strictly adhered to.

The Wounded in London.

The atmosphere generally during the great German offensive recalls that of the first days of the war, and in nothing more than in the increased interest in the wounded. The old crowds have been gathering at the stations, and there has been a real human welcome to the wounded heroes of the present great battles. It is amazing how men who have been through so much have been able to keep their spirits so well. I noticed a trainful of men passing over a London railway bridge, and they were all cheering as if the war were happily finished for ever.

"Curfew" and Closing Order, as it is called,

has already had its effect on women's dress, which responds with the regularity of clockwork to every alteration in established custom. The war-work habit bred the "practical frock"; the recently passed restriction-on-lights order has given women the "Curfew" coat, which, as one of them explained, "makes a dress that is really fit for evening wear look equally well as a day one, and saves you the trouble of dressing for the six o'clock dinner that is bound to come."

Easter in London. A complete absence of "holiday facilities" of any kind, not to mention the extremely problematical nature of the food question, kept not a few Londoners in town last week-end. The prospect of crowning an enforced Lenten Fast with a foodless Easter holiday proved too much, even for the most determined holiday-maker, who wisely decided that fivepence-worth of meat in the hand was infinitely preferable to two or three "unconvertible" coupons, any hungry day of the week. It was not easy to feel sympathetic towards "grousers." With an abundance of theatrical and music-hall fare for those who incline to take their pleasures indoors, Easter in London was only dull to those who chose to make it so.

A Match Economy.

The attempted economy at Headquarters, which is aimed against the superstition that no more than two "lights" should be taken from one match, is, I fancy, doomed to failure. The importance attached to apparent trifles by the average, common-sense Englishman is one of the



A WELL-KNOWN PIANIST AND HIS FIANCÉE: MR. VERNON WARNER.—MISS PAULINE SMITH.

Mr. Warner, whose engagement to Miss Pauline Stewart Smith ("Paddy"), niece of Captain and Mrs. Pardy, of Castelnau Mansions, Barnes, has been announced, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warner, of Corra Lynne, The Avenue, Kew.

Photographs by Swaine.



ENGAGED: MISS PATRICIA HENDERSON; MISS PARKER-JERVIS; MISS FREDERICK.

Miss Patricia Henderson, whose engagement to Lieutenant H. W. May, M.G.C., son of the late Mr. Henry May, and Mrs. Incledon, Chailey End, Newick, is announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Henderson, of Stemster, Caithness, and Launceston Place, Kensington, W.—Miss Parker-Jervis, whose engagement to Second-Lieutenant S. K. Ferrier, R.G.A., son of the late Mr. T. H. Ferrier, W.S., of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Ferrier, The Croft, Fulford, has been announced, is the daughter of the late Mr. Hubert de Gotham Parker-Jervis, and Mrs. Parker-Jervis, of 75, Egerton Gardens, S.W.—Miss Edith Frederick, whose engagement to Second-Lieutenant F. A. Hudson, A.M.I.C.E., M.A. (Cantab), Royal Engineers, has been announced, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Frederick, of Summerfield, Claygate, Surrey.

Photograph No. 1, by Lafayette; No. 2, by Swaine; No. 3, by Mendoza Galleries.

most curious things in human nature. A wounded tiger without winking will absolutely decline to pass under a ladder, even if there be no painter on the top of it.

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS : BRIDES AND GROOMS.



ENGAGED : THE HON. BETTY MANNERS.



ENGAGED : BRIG-GEN. ARTHUR ASQUITH, D.S.O.



ENGAGED : MISS LOUISA BRONSON HUNNEWELL.



ENGAGED : MR. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHON.

A number of engagements of special interest have recently been announced, among them that of the Hon. Betty Manners, elder twin sister of the Hon. Angela Manners, daughter of the third Baron Manners (both being born in 1889), to Brigadier-General Arthur Melland Asquith, D.S.O., son of the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, P.C., K.C., M.P., ex-Premier. Brigadier-General Asquith has been wounded thrice, mentioned in despatches,

and awarded the D.S.O., with bar. He was born in 1883.—Miss Louisa Bronson Hunnewell is the elder daughter of Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, of Wellesley, Massachusetts, and of Mrs. J. S. Tooker, of Foxwarren Park, Cobham, Surrey. Mr. Franklin Mott Gunther, to whom she is engaged, is the First Secretary of the American Embassy, and the son of Mr. Franklin L. Gunther, of New York.



PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

SHE OF THE STRAP.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

I HAVE been grousing in your sympathetic ear about the Tubes, but the 'buses, *mes enfants*—it is still worser than the Tubes! Because the Tubes they stop at *some* stations, and then you can squeeze in—but the 'buses! The other evening it was drizzling, and dark, and depressing, and the One-Who-Matters was waiting for me. I was one of the unlucky ones who cling to a 'bus-rail and a vain hope! Just behind me was an elderly little woman, very frail-looking, but with sharp elbows and a strong determination. Tired of being prodded in the ribs with the handle of her umbrella, I asked

her not to press me so hard, but that I would rather let her pass before me. It could not be done, however, as the other passengers carried me up perforce with them into the 'bus, wherein I stood close to the back of the driver. Five of us were already standing when the little frail lady who had been left last made as if to jump in. "Full up," cried the 'bus-conductress, attempting to stop her. But she might as well have tried to embrace an eel. The little frail lady was in the 'bus and had caught hold of one of the straps before the girl had



"Near Brighton."

realised she actually meant to come in. The 'bus, which had just slowly started, was stopped, and there began an argument between the 'bus-conductress and the little frail lady. The 'bus-conductress was very voluble, but the little frail lady was by far the strongest character. After two minutes' vain expostulations, the conductress, pale and almost in tears, asked the driver to come down and "ave a try at 'er." He did so. He was a rather formidable fellow, with a blue chin, a red nose, and big black hands. But he was no match for the little frail lady hanging on to the strap. After expressing several times the opinion that she was "no lady," and the regret that she was not a man, in which case he would (darkly) "show 'er," he retired ignominiously to his tame and gentle engine. But the conductress, now livid with rage, as a last resort called up a policeman. He came, burly and benign. He was an enormous being—the enormousest I have ever seen, I believe. He stood self-consciously on the road, and She-of-the-Strap stood inside and smiled.

"Come on, lady," he advised gently. "Don't be unreasonable. You'll get the girl into trouble, you will."

The little frail lady held her ground. "No, officer," she said firmly; "you may take my name and address, you may fine me, you may" (with an heroic shake of her impossible bonnet) "put me in prison—but I am *not* coming down!"

The policeman looked at the grinning faces around him. "Oh, take 'er away!" he said, crestfallen, to the conductress. "I can't stand here arguing all night." And the 'bus was at last allowed to skid onward. And, when I told the One-Who-Matters why I was late, he would not believe me!

In the midst of general pre-occupation over the Tanks it was positively refreshing the other day to meet someone who had a mind oblivious of such mundane details. Asked if she had been to see "Egbert," the reply was, "No; it's a long time since I've been to any opera."

Exhibition 119 of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has opened at Prince's Galleries. There is something typically pleasing yet conservative about this "show." The Royal Family were there *en bloc* on the Sunday—King George, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Mary, and no fewer than twelve of their suite. They stayed a long time, and took great interest in the pictures and miniatures—for the Society of Miniatures have a side-show (one side of a room, to be correct) of their own.

Feeling somewhat *énervée* after some recent air-raids, coming, as they usually do, on top of a long day's work—either food-hunting or *chez* my friends *les Tommies blessés*—I ran down to "Bungalow-ville," near Brighton, for a rest. My hostess welcomed me all the more cordially after unpacking my ration-box, which, carefully thought out, she found contained butter, sugar, marmalade, a piece of steak, some matches, tea, a pork-pie, sardines, and dates. Luckily, all the items remained as I had packed them—separately!

The bungalows are very popular. Lots of distinguished visitors have spent all winter on the beach, for there is peace and calm, and, at a pinch, no need for servants—a local woman to "clean up" can take their place. You needn't dress, except in a sweater, with an overall on when you experiment in cooking or sweep the sea débris washed up by a high tide from the beach enclosure fronting the verandah. Amongst the present residents are Cyril Hayter, the author, who finds the sea-air and Downs view stimulate his imagination. He has built—to his own design—a luxurious bungalow, with ingle-nooks, bath-rooms, and all the home-comforts that summer shacks usually lack. General and Mrs. Graham—old friends of Queen Alexandra—are also *établis* on the beach. Mr. MacHardy, the voice-producer, lives and breathes there, with trips to London when necessary. There are four bungalows commandeered for the accommodation of "Waacs"; and Lord and Lady Glenesk are in search of a home there *pro tem.* when they can find one suitable for their needs.

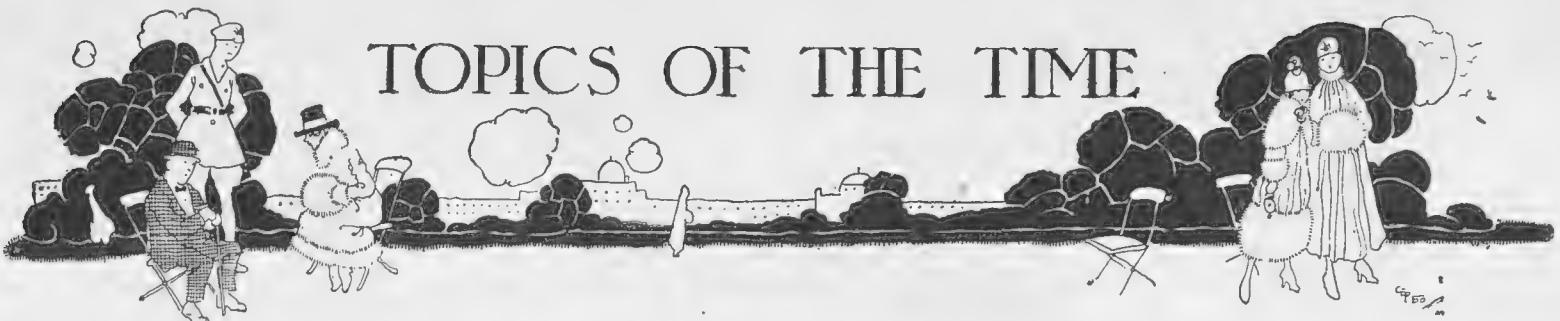


"Some matches."



"He would not believe me."

Many thanks to the anonymous sender of the anonymous book, "An Airman's Wife." It is the most tense, true, and touching story I have read for a long time, and not only will it be thrilling reading to the wives and fiancées of flyers, but also to all those who are interested in what is happening over there and above there.



YOU and I, who always take things philosophically, and carefully avoid jumping at conclusions which we may wish to get rid of a few minutes afterwards, behaved with commendable serenity over that curfew scare. The fact is, we had sacrificed so much to this war—so much flesh and blood and health and money—that the question as to whether we must give up the habit of visiting the theatre or the film at more or less the usual hour got a big laugh from our consciences every time we thought of it!

What with one thing and another, theatre-going has become such a business that I wouldn't mind how early in the day we got it over, on the principle of "Business first, pleasure afterwards."

Oh, call me early, Mother dear—not later, pray, than six. I'm told it is my duty clear to see "A Box o' Tricks." These calls upon one's time are things one hardly likes to shirk; besides, a later morning brings the day's amusing work! I only wish the rising sun could see my theatre duty done!

If I must see "The Beauty Spot," "The Lilac Domino," "The Little Brother," and the lot of pieces "all the go," then let me in my dressing-gown o'er stage attractions rave, and, having done my play in town, return at eight to shave! I'd miss my cup of tea in bed, but "Bubbly" I could have instead.

To adjust the cut of the meat to the value of the coupon, a butcher is, we are officially informed, "forced to forget much that he had learnt in economic butchering."

If on matters of cutting his memory fails, and his schemes economic are fewer, he remembers to put you some *meat* in the scales with the skin and the bone and the skewer!

Professor E. H. Parker, in his volume, "The New East," comes to some instructive conclusions with regard to the capabilities and

money honestly; he cannot fight with his fists; he cannot keep off vermin.

John Chinaman, alive and whole! Your hand, my friend, I pray! This is a joy, upon my soul! I hope you've come to stay! Your modesty is all in vain—excuses are dismissed. You absolutely *must* remain—dear Johnny, I insist! At last a friend to share my crust that I can honour, love, and trust!



FAR FROM DOWN-HEARTED: CHEERFUL WOUNDED MEN, BACK FROM THE BIG BATTLE, LEAVING WATERLOO STATION.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

You say you have no card for meat?—Oh, rubbish, what of that? Our little dog is rather sweet—and, failing him, the cat! Our larder has no tempting look—we're rather short of rice; but only yesterday the cook informed us we had mice. Moreover, we have not a few of beautiful black-beetles too!

That's right! Your bed shall be prepared with sheets as white as snow! I'll see your bed-room nicely aired—I'm *sure* you like it so! And as, dear pal, through thick and thin I'd put my trust in thee, I'll get my wife to take you in your early cup of tea! Walk in, my noble friend! This way! I am so glad that you can stay!

Dr. Macnamara has made inquiries, and there are no German spies in the Bristol Channel ports, after all. I'm awfully glad to hear it; and I do hope the German spies who said they were not German spies were telling the truth!

The cause of certain things to trace, our Dr. Macnamara wise proceeded to a certain place in search of certain German spies. He took the "doubtfuls" to his side: "Are you of German kin and kith?" "Mein Gott!" they angrily replied. "Our names are Brown and Jones and Smith!"

"I'll try again," said Dr. M. "These worthy men bore British names! It's infamous, suspecting them of getting up to sinful games!" He asked another little gang, "You're natives of a German town?" Indignantly their voices rang, "Our names are Smith and Jones and Brown!"

"Dear me!" our noble friend exclaimed. "How very awkward, is it not? I'm really feeling quite ashamed for bothering you such a lot!" And then he turned to gang the third, and in apologetic tones addressed them thus: "You'll give your word that you are Smith and Brown and Jones?"

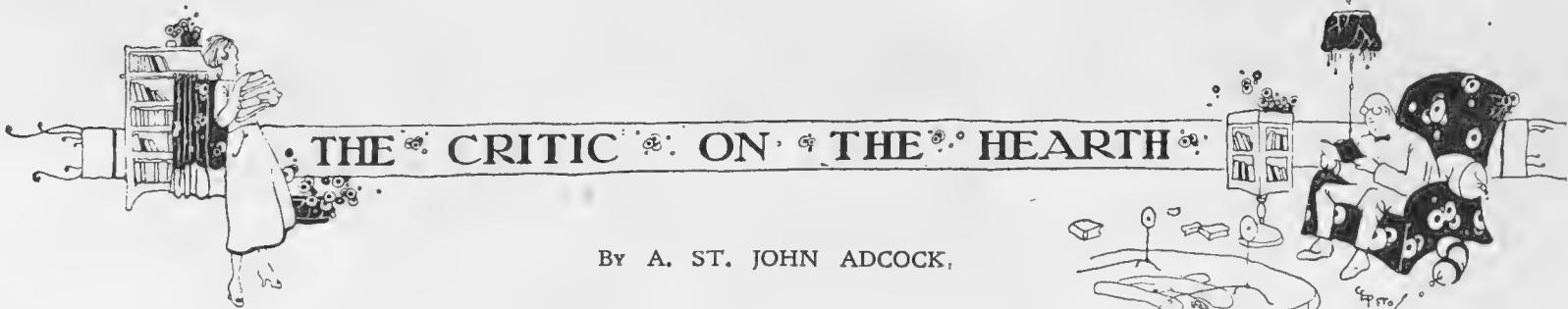
A. B. M.



BOUND (AND GOWNED) FOR THE CELLAR—PACE LORD CURZON: AN AIR-RAID SCENE IN A REVUE BY MISS DORIS HARBORD, DAUGHTER OF LORD SUFFIELD.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

otherwise of John Chinaman. Among the things he can do are these: He can eat anything; he can gain the graces of any woman of any nationality; he can sleep anywhere. Included in his "otherwises" are the following: He cannot handle trust



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

I USED to think actors the most modest of men. They nearly always avoid becoming famous by using somebody else's name, and keeping their own discreetly laid away in lavender until the world has forgotten it. But I am beginning to wonder whether literary men are not equally bashful. If you notice, one book out of every two or three published nowadays has a name on its title-page that does not belong to its author. There are, for instance, Ian Hay, Richard Dehan, E. M. Delafield, Lucas Malet, John Oxenham, F. Anstey, Max Baring, Marjorie Bowen, Ralph Connor, Sapper, Bartimeus, Taffrail, Guy Thorne, Dick Donovan, Mrs. Sedgwick, John Ayscough, Benjamin Swift, Cosmo Hamilton—any number of them.

Three such have appeared simultaneously this week. "The Island Mystery" is the liveliest of irresponsible adventure stories, full of that spirit of laughter which is the finest of war-time tonics; but it is not really by George Birmingham, because, as Mrs. Gamp would say, there ain't no such person. And both "The Second Book of Artemas" (bubbling over with as quaint and tonic a humour, shrewdly satirising the political and general life of our day) and "Peace of Mind" (a thoughtful and delightful volume of essays and reflections on books and writers, and what they write about) have blank spaces on their title-pages where their authors' names ought to be. The identity of "Artemas" has leaked out, but it has not been officially acknowledged; and a good many of us can guess who is the essayist (this is not his first book), but in a preface he confesses a disinclination to publicity and adjures any reviewer who discovers his identity to respect his desire to be unnamed, so I pass with my eyes closed.

Much could be said in favour of this reticence, and as much against it. One may be respectable though famous; and, if a man wants fame, there is no reason why he should be ashamed to come out and ask for some. Plenty do; but there isn't enough to go round. On the other hand, there is no reason why a man should have fame thrust upon him if it isn't one of the things he likes. It is a little matter in which an author is entitled to please himself.

The weakness for pseudonyms has, however, grown so common that I find myself uncertain whether Clemence Dane is a real name—it may be; I have doubts—but, what is more to the point, I know that her first novel, "Regiment of Women," was a remarkably good one, and her second, "First the Blade," is every way its peer. A clever, subtle study of two characters, it is the story of a man and woman who are long-engaged, with all the love on one side, and only a sort of fondness on the other. Justin Cloud is a bit of a prig, selfish, self-centred, taking whatever is offered to him, and giving little in return. That is how he takes the love of Laura, who is completely devoted to him. No wonder the author says that "Eve, bless her ingenuous, enterprising heart, is always so much more interesting than Adam"; and that, with Justin in her eye, she asks, "If Adam were not in the Bible, wouldn't you call him stodgy?" Adam's share in that deplorable transaction with the apple is not to his credit, and I daresay Clemence Dane's reconstruction of the incident is pretty near the truth.

Curious how theology gets into other of these books. George Birmingham is puzzled that theologians have never discussed the feelings of Noah and his family when shut up in the Ark, or speculated as to what they talked of when they came together in the evening after feeding the animals. Artemas models the whole

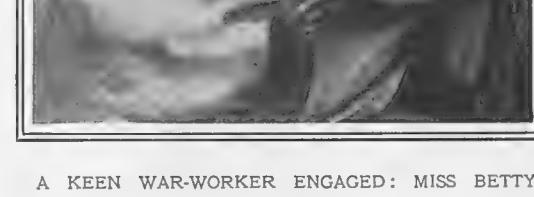
of his book, even to the chapter headings and arrangement of the paragraphs, on the form and language of the Bible. William Kiddier, in his strikingly suggestive brochure, "The Oracle of Colour," describes Adam and Eve as the first gipsies, and is confident that if the devil knew he was the devil he would die of the shock. I had no idea the devil was so delicate. Mr. Kiddier balances his favourable opinion of gipsies with some bad opinions of authors. To him, the historian is a literary undertaker; he blames the critics for causing painters to be too much alike, and is scornful of journalists who "clothe themselves with flowers of non-committal speech," which certainly does not seem enough for even a journalist to be walking about in. Colour, he says, is beyond words—he is not sure that it isn't also above paint—but, says he, "we are poets and painters: we live in attempting the impossible." Then he adds, by way of clinching the argument and ending the chapter, "Give me a cigarette." It is not impossible to do this yet, but at the rate we are going it soon will be.

W. H. Davies puts his own name to "A Poet's Pilgrimage," even though he fills its pages with his own personality—the frankness and intimacy with which he does this give his book its unique fascination. It is all of a tramp he made through South Wales and parts of England, of the men and women he met on the highways, the inns where he took his beer and rested, of all he saw and all that happened to him on his journey. He jots it down carelessly, naturally, and is so interested in himself and in everything and everybody else that he lures you into sharing his pleasure. At one place

he met a Welsh workman out in his best clothes who begged him to write some poetry on a piece of paper, that he might prove to his wife he had been with a poet, and Davies obliged him—

I am the Poet
Davies, Wil-
liam,
I sin without
a blush or
blink:
I am a man that
lives to eat,
I am a man
that lives to
drink.

But the other two stanzas give himself such a shocking bad character that I won't quote them. Go and read the book; it is better than making the pilgrimage yourself, because Davies used to be a real tramp, and you never could

AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER:
MISS HOPE PROTHERO.

Miss Hope Prothero is the daughter of the Right Hon. Rowland Edmund Prothero, P.C., M.V.O., and is now working as a nurse in a London hospital.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

A KEEN WAR-WORKER ENGAGED: MISS BETTY SPOTTISWOODE.

Miss Betty Spottiswoode is the only daughter of the late Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, and of Mrs. Spottiswoode, Tite Street, Chelsea. Her engagement to Lieutenant Gerald E. V. Crutchley, Scots Guards, who was lately a prisoner of war in Germany, and is now interned in Holland, has been announced. Lieutenant Crutchley is the only son of Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., and Lady Crutchley, Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

have mixed so freely with such "ascally strangers, or fed and slept in the bizarre places where he could make himself at home."

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Island Mystery.* By George A. Birmingham. (*Methuen.*)
- The Second Book of Artemas.* (*Westall and Co.*)
- Peace of Mind.* (*Melrose.*)
- First the Blade.* By Clemence Dane. (*Heinemann.*)
- The Oracle of Colour.* By William Kiddier. (*Fifield.*)
- A Poet's Pilgrimage.* By W. H. Davies. (*Melrose.*)
- Men and Ghosts.* By Allan Monkhouse. (*Collins.*)
- Love's Burden.* By Margaret Peterson. (*Hurst and Blackett.*)

"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.





THE R.A.F.: WHAT'S IN—INITIALS: A K.C.B.: THE "WOLF'S" SEAPLANE. BY C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

THERE is quite a deal of feeling in both the Flying Services over the naming of the combined Service as the Royal Air Force. The name means that buttons, badges, and so forth will bear the initials R.A.F., which do not happen to be popular with either the R.N.A.S. or the R.F.C. In the minds of all concerned with aeronautics the letters stand for Royal Aircraft Factory, and there was a time not so long ago when the R.A.F. threatened to become a kind of aeronautical dockyard or arsenal, like Portsmouth or Woolwich, with a monopoly of military aeroplane and aero-engine design.

The Other R.A.F. If it had been staffed entirely by men of genius it might have made good, for undoubtedly it would have been better for all the flying people if they had had, right from the beginning of the war, one type of aeroplane for each specific job, such as fighting, reconnaissance, artillery observation, bombing, and so forth, instead of half-a-dozen types for each job. But to be successful those aeroplanes would have had to be the best, and, unfortunately, the R.A.F. designs were not the best. Not that the designs were inherently bad, but merely that they always took so long to produce that by the time they were right they were out of date.

Three Badges? However, no doubt people will get used to wearing the R.A.F. badge, which in due course will stand for gallantry in action, just as the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. badges do to-day. Still, quite a lot of people who are proud of the Services in which they have already won honour and distinction would be pleased to see the naval and military sides of the Air Force divided into two distinct parts, each wearing the old R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. uniforms and badges. They don't in the least mind the third branch, composed exclusively of air-fighters and bombers, wearing the R.A.F. badge. And, so far as one can see, there is nothing whatever in the Air Force Act or in the recently issued Air Force Memorandum to prevent the High Authorities from arranging things that way if they are pleased so to do.

Sir Godfrey. Anyhow, the R.N.A.S. have had the satisfaction, before their final dissolution, of seeing their distinguished Chief, Commodore Godfrey Paine, C.B., M.V.O., R.N., promoted to K.C.B. Certainly it would be hard to find anyone who has done more for the Flying Services than has Sir Godfrey Paine. He has had charge of the training of more flying officers than probably any one other man. As a Captain R.N. he was appointed Commandant of the Central Flying School at Upavon, on Salisbury Plain, when that establishment was formed in 1912. His Chief-of-Staff, and Assistant Commandant, was Major Hugh Trenchard,

D.S.O., now Chief of the Air Staff, and virtually Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force. The C.F.S. was a joint naval and military show, for the original R.F.C. of 1911 was an amphibious force with a Naval and Military Wing, just like the new R.A.F. Captain Paine and Major Trenchard between them trained all the naval and military aviators who joined the R.F.C. between 1912 and the outbreak of war, and the splendid records of those officers on active service show how good was the training which they received.

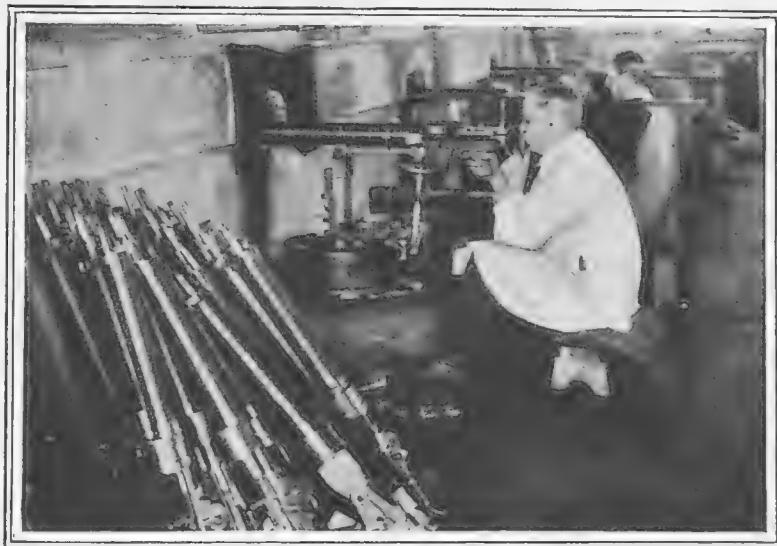
When war broke out, Major Trenchard went to Farnborough to build a new R.F.C. out of nothing—everybody, down to the last clerk, having gone abroad with the B.E.F.

The Commodore. Captain

Paine carried on at the C.F.S. till, later on, the Navy started its big new training school on its own account. There he remained, doing, as is his custom, excellent work till, at the beginning of 1917, he was made Director of Air Services at the Admiralty, Fifth Sea Lord, and a member of the Air Board of which Lord Cowdray was President. Since then the R.N.A.S. has grown remarkably in size

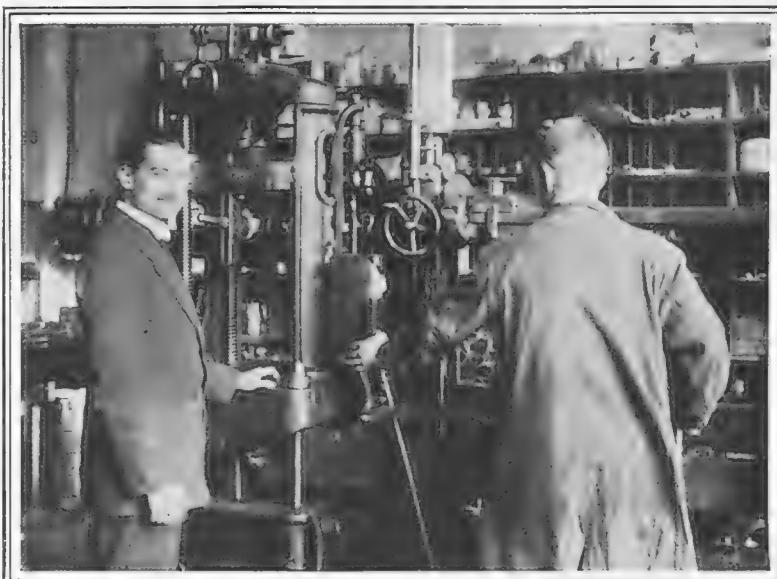
and efficiency. The organisation of the R.N.A.S., which has had such good effect in the anti-submarine war, is alone enough to give distinction to Sir Godfrey Paine's term of office, and when one adds to that the work done by the naval aviators in making a regular science of night bombing, and their gallant performances as air fighters, one perceives how well that K.C.B. has been deserved. The Commodore, as his own people call him, has the knack of inspiring loyalty in his subordinates, and he has also the gift of choosing the right men for the right jobs.

"Name, Please!" Our flying people are quite anxious to know the name of the pilot, or pilots, of the Hun seaplane which accompanied the raider *Wolf* in her voyage of destruction on the high seas. The aviator, like the sailor and soldier, is always ready to give credit to a worthy enemy, and the variegated performances of that particular air Hun all over the Pacific and the Atlantic have about them something unusually fascinating. They would particularly like to know the truth about his alleged trip over Sydney Harbour. Quite a cool piece of cheek if it really happened. It only shows what can be done with seaplanes when used with skill and judgment. And if one little ship with one little seaplane can do all that damage, it makes one begin to think what a lot of big ships with a



THE AIRMAN'S ARM: AT A BIRMINGHAM SMALL-ARMS FACTORY—TESTING COMPLETED LEWIS GUNS ON A ROOF RIFLE-RANGE.

When the war began, the Allied airmen used for fighting enemy airmen mostly the ordinary service magazine, or repeating rifles and carbines, revolvers, or automatic pistols. The adoption of Lewis guns, which were distributed to our air service as fast as the guns were supplied, revolutionised air fighting.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



THE AIRMAN'S ARM: AT A BIRMINGHAM SMALL-ARMS FACTORY—TESTING METAL FOR LEWIS GUNS.

The Lewis gun is *par excellence* the airman fighter's arm. Easy to manipulate and to take "flying shots" with at all times, simple to load by replacing expended drums of cartridges with fresh ones, capable of automatically riddling an adversary passing at high speeds by the furious tornado of bullets the gun discharges, the Lewis holds the field as the airman's weapon.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

lot of big torpedo-carrying seaplanes could do with careful organisation in a fleet action or against a fleet at anchor. It seems a long way to the British seaplane raid on Cuxhaven on Christmas Day 1914, and to the torpedoing of a Turkish transport in the Marmora in the summer of 1915 by a British seaplane.

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"We might have lost this war if it hadn't been for laughter," said an O. C. Officer to a famous War Correspondent. And as if in confirmation, a Sapper wrote that "when we are 'Deccaless' we are losing."

The "Decca" is Theatre, Music-Hall, Concert Room, Band in one. It provides entertainment for all tastes, and, more than anything else, has kept the men at the Front cheerful.

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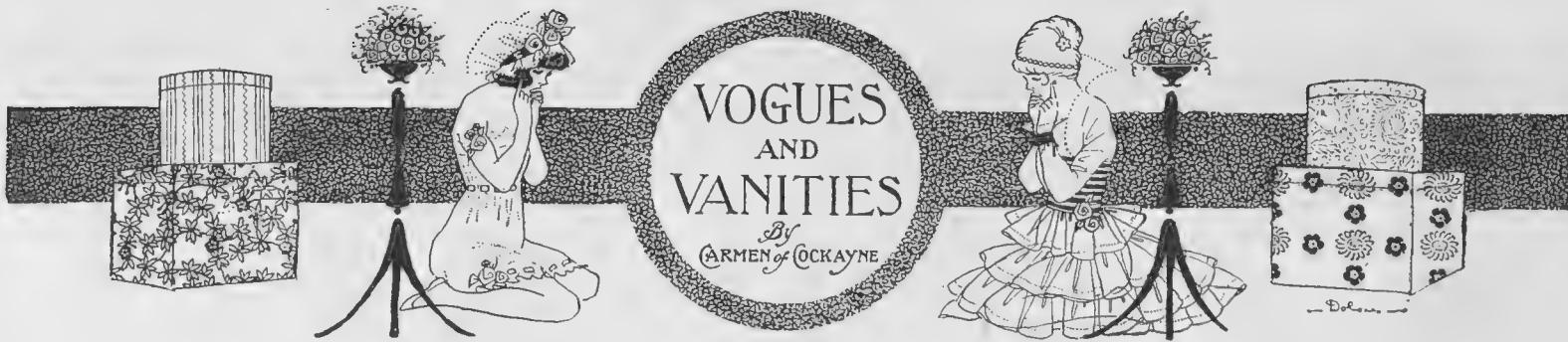
SOROSIS *The World's Finest* SHOES



S. 5817.
Sorosis Patent Golosh Button Boot with black suede upper, welted sole and smart Cuban heel, price 28/- Can also be had with white, brown or grey suede uppers at the same price.



THE SOROSIS SHOE STORE
233, Regent Street, London, W. 1,
and throughout the country.



Its Double Life.

The Jekyll and Hyde frock, known also as the demi-toilette, is, above all others, the frock of the moment. The evening dress has only one object in life—to permit the world as comprehensive a view of its owner as the law allows; the rugged honesty of the coat and skirt does not permit of its leading a double existence. But the demi-toilette is essentially a war product, and, like all war products, is an expert at doing "substitute" duty if and when the necessity for doing it crops up.

Making Ready. Already, though at the time of writing no definite conclusion has been arrived at, the dressmakers are busy over dress problems consequent on the suggestion that London shall cease from revelling at the blameless hour of half-past nine. Women, too, are busy asking themselves what on earth they shall wear when dinner is at three, and "evening" performances start an hour or so later. Daylight is not kind to the woman in evening dress. Any woman who has a tended an afternoon Court will be the first to admit that sunlight, of all lights, is the most calculated not only to reveal, but emphasise, any of the defects

with which Nature sees fit to endow some unhappy daughter of Eve. So the half-measure frock which so many thrifty patriots are wearing promises to enjoy an even greater measure of popularity. It reveals no more than is becoming for daylight hours, and can be rich or simple, grave or gay, as taste and the purse of the wearer dictate. The example that Dolores sketched in the salons of Mercie McHardy, in 240, Oxford Street, shows that curtailed hours of pleasure need not necessarily mean a falling-off of beauty in women's clothes. The gown is intended for afternoon, restaurant, or theatre wear; and the navy georgette from which it is made, as well as the wine-coloured embroidery outlined with beads, make it admirably suitable for fulfilling its threefold mission.

Mainly About Frocks.

Of course, there are other roads to smartness besides the one labelled "georgette." One can reach the same goal in Milanese, especially if it happens to be of a particularly becoming shade of terra-cotta embroidered with Chinese-blue silk; and there are those to whom a gown in which a jumper-like corsage of paisley chiffon serves as the peg on which to hang a pleated skirt of the same material in a powder-blue shade would appeal more strongly than either of the two models already described, more especially if chains of garnet beads with golden tassel ends lend their help for decorative purposes. Not that the evening dress is likely to disappear altogether from the sartorial horizon. One very strong argument in favour of its retention takes the form of black satin worked with milk-white glass beads, the sleeves of which consist of a series of

bead-sewn loops sprung from a single band of black satin that runs down the top of the arm. An even more powerful, if transparent, excuse for the continued existence of this type of frock is the long jet-fringed train of black tulle that, in addition to its natural function, performs the duty of sleeve on a gown of black satin beauty, with a deep jet-sewn ceinture bodice of gold tissue arranged to give the straight-from-shoulder-to-hem look so necessary at the moment.

Heady Considerations.

Whatever the future may bring forth, it is certain that women's heads will never relapse into a dead level of dulness. To whatever restrictions she may have to submit, it is quite certain that the milliner, who has over and over again shown herself to be a person of infinite resource, will always find some new and original method of treating the materials at her disposal. We have her word for it that they are already difficult to obtain. In the face of the spring hats, one can only wonder at the ingenuity which conquered adverse circumstances, and produced the varied and becoming headgear that is the most attractive weapon in fashion's spring armoury. Who cares if trimmings are hard to get when a model of

rust-red straw with a silken black crown shows just how chic a thing a hat may be when it is adorned with nothing but round straw motifs to match its brim?

From Far Cathay.

Or again, if greater gaiety is wanted, you can get it in bronze-coloured straw, of a shape that a mandarin would not blush to own, surmounted with a simple bow of silk. Alternatively, because each one must be served according to her taste, another Chinese affair of tulle edged with ospreys will, since it is black, appeal to the more sober-minded. Ospreys, it should be noted, have their own way of doing things, and it is not always a way that one might expect them to follow. They may form a simple brush ornament, or encircle a crown palisade fashion, as ospreys have done since someone first discovered their value as an ornament for feminine millinery. But there's nothing to prevent them reaching a crescendo of fluffiness about a model whose "bowler" crown has just enough brim to give them standing room, or of tying themselves into bows and knots when the fancy seizes them. But they always look well—which, after all, is as much as anyone wants, and a great deal more than a good many manage to achieve.

Horticultural Topics.

The horticultural efforts of the milliner are, too, full of interest. Curious puce, and jade-green, and yellow, and blue flowers look none the less charming because they are not as Nature makes such things; and the same applies to the crocus-blossoms, purple, yellow, and white, that spring unexpectedly from the high crown of a cherry-coloured hat of tagel straw, and give it that note of cheerfulness so badly needed just now.



The frock that can serve a double purpose is sure of popularity these days, especially when it is reinforced with hand-worked embroidery.



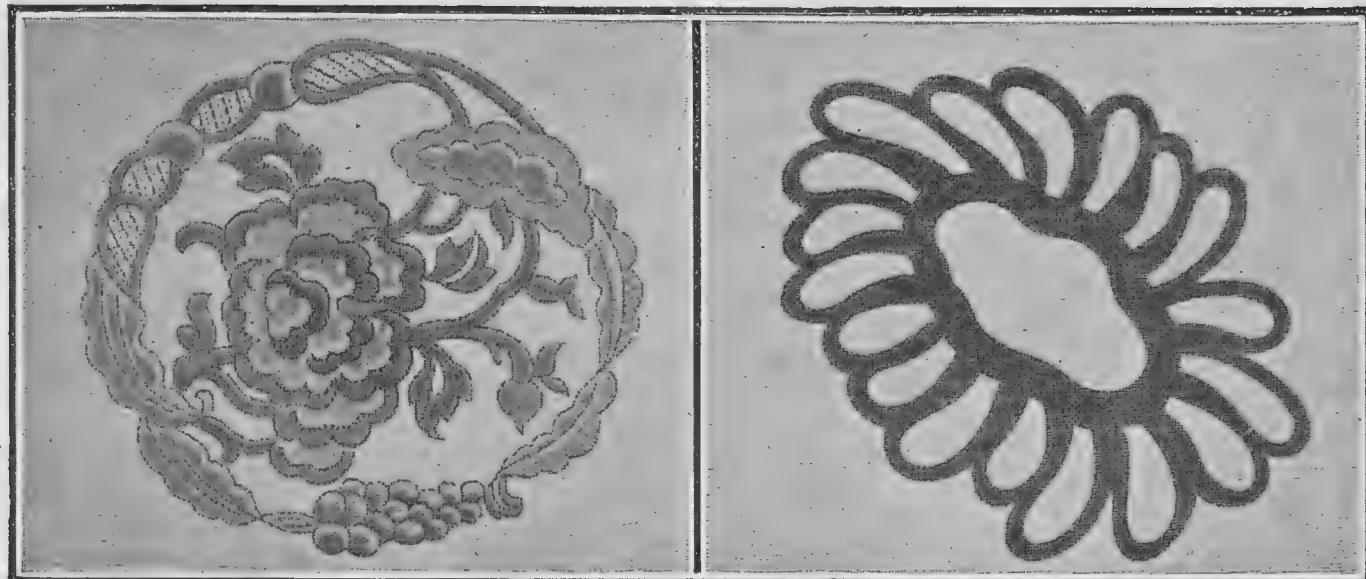
A toque of deep corn-coloured straw, partly camouflaged with fluffy yellow feather flaps that meet on the summit of the crown.



A paradise plume goes all the way to smartness when it comes to trimming a hat.



The tailor-made hat must accompany the tailor-made suit. This one is of blue pedal-trimmed with white ribbon.



Above are illustrated two popular designs in Sefton Fabrics. Reproduced by photography direct from the material, showing the design in full size. The beauty and harmony of these Fabrics cannot be pictured, they must be seen to be realised. Each design is offered in a number of charming colour variations.



G. R.
Will you do
War-Work
Overseas?

British Forces abroad
are urgently in need
of the help of British
Women as

**CLERKS
TYPISTS
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Enrol to-day in the
W.A.A.C
(Women's Army
Auxiliary Corps)

Full particulars at any
Employment Exchange
Ask at Post Office for
address.

WOMEN of distinctive taste will find in these Fabrics a rare opportunity for the expression of individual preferences in bold designs and rich colours. Indeed, it has been said, to our knowledge, that the hand of a fairy godmother might have brought forth these delightful Dress Goods, so exquisite are they in texture, so delicate in sheen, so charming in colouring, so unique in their variety of designs.

These Fabrics are particularly suitable for war-time wear. The bold design and vivid colours make it unnecessary to use any elaborate trimmings—in fact, they look their best in a simple make-up; they are therefore economical from first to last, and only truly appropriate lines for present conditions.

SEFTON SHEREVOILE 3/- Per yard
40 in. wide, double width ...

SEFTON SHERELENE 2/- Per yard
36 in. wide, double width ...

Stocks of Sefton's Sherelene and Sherevoile are carried by all leading high-class and Spécialité Drapers and Stores in the Provinces and by the following Houses in London and District.

John Barker & Co. ...	Kensington	Hy. Glave & Co. ...	New Oxford St.
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Sefton's Fabrics

Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile



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latest Paris shape.



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selection of Spring
Novelties in

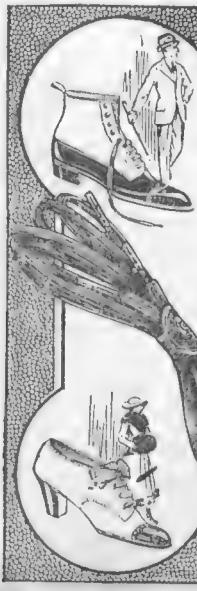
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you guard against the annoyance of continually
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made of hundreds of mercerised threads so as to
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ALL BRITISH.

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Light Camping Outfits

Extract from TRUTH, October 3rd, 1917.

"In order to answer a recent enquiry from the front, I obtained particulars of some ingenious devices for mitigating minor discomforts of camp life on active service, especially those of cold and wet weather; for example, a practical weather-proof tent that can be folded into a parcel small enough to go into an overcoat pocket; a waterproof ground-sheet weighing less than 1 lb., and a capital sleeping-bag which weighs no more than 1½ lb. These are among many useful articles supplied by the LIGHTWEIGHT TENT CO., 61, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1, and I think my Service readers may be glad to know of them."

Write Dept. A for lists.

THE PERFECT SHIRT
FOR LADIES WEAR



THESE EXCEPTIONALLY
WELL TAILORED SHIRTS
ARE MADE FROM A PURE
SILK CREPE, IN STRIPES,
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CELES IS SPECIALLY
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SPLENDID WEAR AND THE
CONTINUED FRESHNESS
OF APPEARANCE AFTER
REPEATED WASHINGS.

CELES SHIRTS MAY BE
HAD FROM ALL THE BEST
DRAPERY HOUSES.

EVERY SHIRT BEARS
THIS TRADE MARK



CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantages to customers. It is quite under the control of a clever Corsetière, who personally designs every pair of Corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy quite inexpensive Corsets made from thoroughly reliable materials upon the most scientific principles. We have now an exceptionally good selection of Corsets and Corselets in stock, including the Tricot Corset.

HIP-BELT, as sketch, especially woven to shape, made of best quality Tricot, with two pairs of suspenders,

PRICE 28/6

"SOUTIEN GORGE," as sketch, made of best quality Silk Tricot, trimmed Valenciennes Lace, ribbon over shoulder.

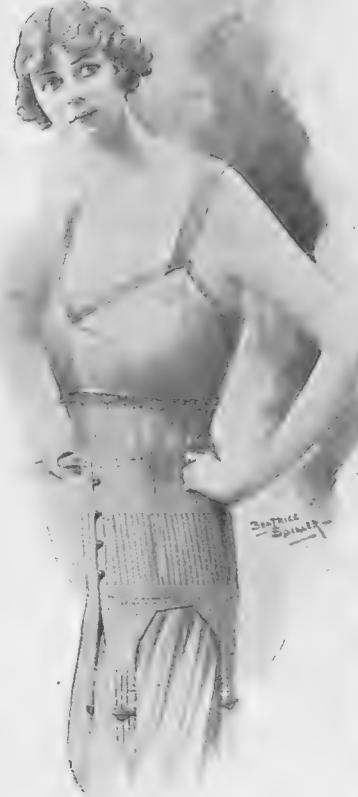
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GEORGETTE REST
FROCK, rich heavy
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wear, with pretty yoke,
edged with cable stitching
and soft sash of
Georgette, lined with
contrasting colour. In
black, white and colours.

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SNELGROVE**
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NOTE.—This Establishment will
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A most charming Hat, made of soft Manchu Felt and Straw, with
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84/-

"Wren" Hats are made specially for Peter Robinson's.

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North British
Motor TYRES
*"The Tyres that have
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Manufactured by Vickers Limited

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THE appreciation of Daimler Cars by the motoring public has been succeeded by the appreciation of the War Departments. Everything that the Daimler organisation and craftsmen have produced has been eagerly accepted, and the capacity of the works has been enormously increased in meeting National requirements.

The resources of this organisation will be available and have a beneficial influence on motoring after the War.



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TRENCH COAT.

Lined detachable Fleece,
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Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

Officers on Active Service who have had the opportunity of testing many different makes of Waterproof are unanimous in the opinion that the only coat that has proved thoroughly reliable is the AQUASCUTUM.

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The original may be seen by anyone interested.

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Do not accept inferior imitations.

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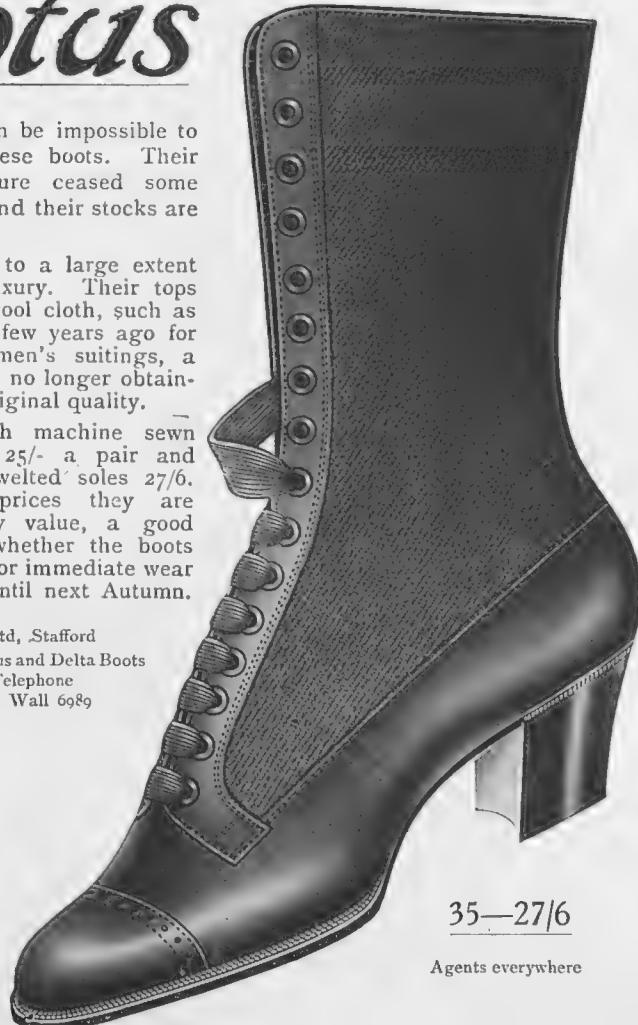
Lotus

IT will soon be impossible to obtain these boots. Their manufacture ceased some weeks ago and their stocks are running low.

They are to a large extent a pre-war luxury. Their tops are an all-wool cloth, such as was used a few years ago for the finest men's suitings, a cloth that is no longer obtainable in its original quality.

Delta with machine sewn soles cost 25/- a pair and Lotus with welted soles 27/6. At these prices they are extraordinary value, a good investment whether the boots are bought for immediate wear or to keep until next Autumn.

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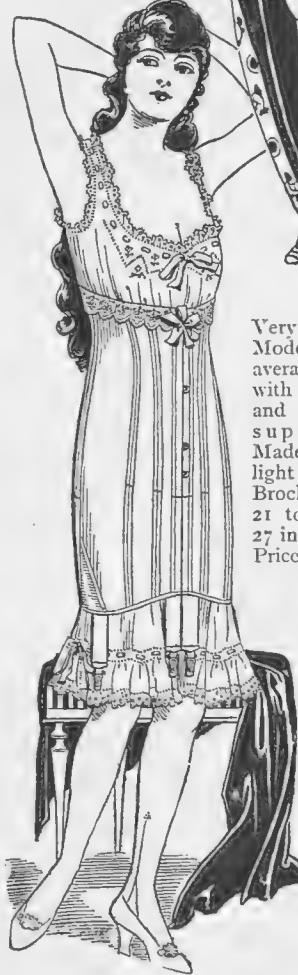
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Very low Bust
Model for the
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and six hose-
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Made in a
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Model in White Coutil.
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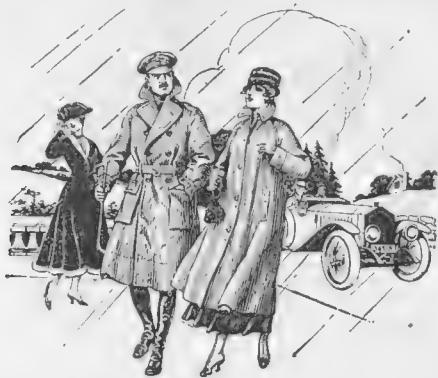
869
Charming Model in
Pale Pink Broché with
Elastic inset at waist.
Low Bust and free hip.
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Material in the market. Ask
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*Lista garments obtainable from
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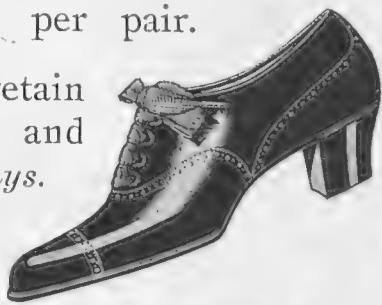
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"Bective" retain
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Diamonds, £23

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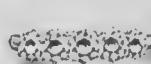
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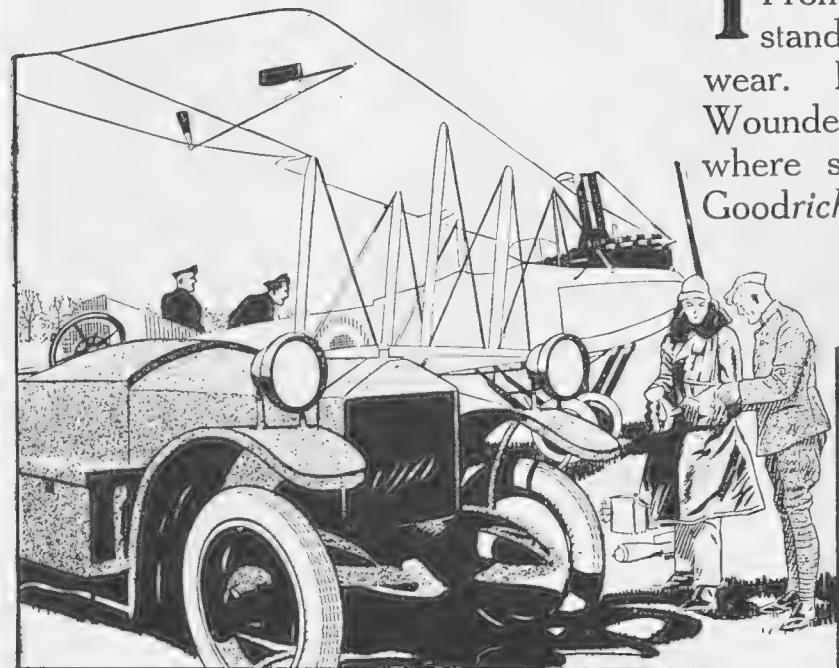
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C.F.H.

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"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders.

POPE & BRADLEY
*Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
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By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BUSINESS men are more than a little weary of the steadily increasing battalions of the Bureaucrats and their increasing interference with trade. Their methods are not constructive but obstructive.

The fatal objections to the Bureaucrats are their ignorance and their inability to grasp the very elements of the system upon which a business can alone become a commercial success, and an asset to the country.

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Yet business men are frequently at the mercy of some under-official whose business education and ability are a negligible quantity—possessed of autocratic powers and perfunctory manners, and who can, and does, dictate to them at any time, how to run or misrun their concerns.

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COMPANY LTD.**

*with which is incorporated
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MAINTAINS YOUTH OF THE
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It frees them from all the waste products, uratic and chalky deposits which tend to harden their walls.

This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.

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IN all their preparation for the present season JAYS' have combined the usefulness of the Sports Coat and Jumper with beauty of contour and originality of design. A very large stock of exclusive garments is the result.

THIS light-weight real Indian Cashmere Jumper has great beauty of style. It is made in many shades, with Scarf attached.

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PALE COMPLEXIONS

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The Way to Walk.

The streets have been filled with brave people going about their business with smiles and heartening words, saying little of what is in every mind and lying close to every heart. Little is said because so much is felt, and feelings have to be controlled if we are to be worthy to belong to the same Empire as our glorious fighting men. There, I could not begin a week's talk about little things without just so much reference to the big thing, and so to our chiffons. One friend whom I met was off to buy some of Phillips's military soles and heels at 142-6, Old Street, E.C. She had been sending some out to her son in France, and suddenly had a commission to send a supply for his brother-officers; and she was also intent on a supply for herself and some friends. They do add enormously to the life of dear and comfortable boots and shoes, and are the most easy possible things to walk in. I have used them for some time.



A hair ornament of black jet which would look most attractive on the head of a blonde or red-haired woman.

are not to have horizon-blue uniform, nor yet uniform like their namesakes of gaudy black and showy white, but the inimitable khaki. Their badges and shoulder-straps will be rather neat, and there is a distinct desire to make it a really smart Women's Service. You know, our airmen are a bit flighty and high in their ideals of their branch; and, as they keep well to these fine ideals, so must the Penguins play up to them. Already the drivers of the Flying officers are among the smartest-looking women at the wheel. The way to get good effect in uniform is to have a good pattern and good tailoring, and to drill the wearers, and make them put on and keep their uniforms as neatly as good soldiers do theirs. The "Waa:s" are getting smarter-looking every month.

Convenient and Effective. Rations, as a topic for conversation, are *démodé*; there are, however, sidelights on the sustenance question which may profitably be pursued. Truth to tell, and without shadow of a growl or grumble, the meat provided by coupon is frequently of a leather-like consistency that defies the best efforts of our molars and incisors. Like Nebuchadnezzar's grass, it may be wholesome, but it is not very good. An old lady of my acquaintance, who describes her dining-room furniture as second-hand and unable to cope with some of the coupon meat, has given me a most valuable tip. She takes several tablets of Horlick's Malted Milk every day, and says that she has never been in better health, although not having the nutritious food her doctor ordered for her. Since then, in attempting to pass on the tip, I have found that these tablets are the stand-by, in these days of restrictions, of heaps of people who are all keeping well and hearty.

Dora's Deliberations. With Easter over, people think of the coming months; nowadays we have all sorts of sensations to exploit. The latest is "early to bed and early to rise." About the reputed consequences, "makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," we have some doubts, especially as to the second benefit in days of taxes and small incomes. Still, there are the War Bonds

THE WOMAN ABOVT TOWN

to fructify in the future; and if we are tucked up in bed at 11 p.m. (really 10 p.m.) we are living at the least possible cost. This is a part of the whole duty of man and woman; probably it is the whole of our duty, if we have no work of national importance to do. Sometimes I wonder if that is what is in Dora's mind, and if, when the clock strikes eleven, she gives a sigh of relief and thinks, "Thank goodness, they are all quiet and spending nothing, and keeping themselves in good fettle." Well, Dora has had less sensible thoughts than these!

Pleated and Pleasant. "And ye shall walk in silk attire"

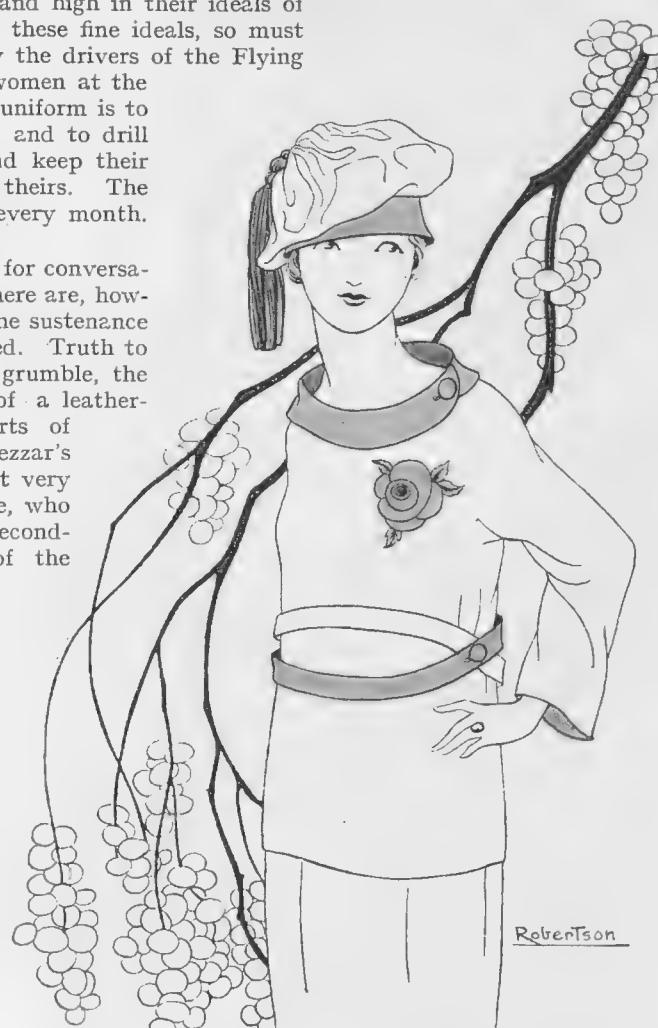
is a dictum of fashion and of patriotism. Silk is more plentiful than wool—the little worm-weavers have spun away diligently regardless of war, and vast armies call for the coats of sheep. Petticoats are once more in vogue, with a distinct difference from those so popular but a little while ago. The newest, as I have studied them at Marshall and Snelgrove's, are Princess in shape, reach to the knees, and are of pleated crêpe-de-Chine, with insertions of lace or embroidery. They are exactly right for the newest long line and tabard-shaped dresses, and are most comfortable to wear. There are some in thin Jap silk and some in ninon. The styles are varied.

Black is much favoured, so is white; next to them, I think, comes lemon, which is very dainty; but there are many other pale, pretty shades. By the way, Marshall's is closed on Saturdays until further notice, so do not make a Saturday visit there.

Worth Keeping Up. The shine on things is what we have to keep bright. To begin at the bottom, there is nothing to touch Lutetian Cream—unless it is Meltonian Cream. Applied to black or brown boots, the effect is what an American officer calls "real dandy." The Lutetian is for our brown footwear, the Meltonian for our black; whichever it be, it will shine out and give us just that conceit in ourselves which British men and women must have to keep up their *moral*. It is worth keeping up, isn't it? The Cream adds to the life of leather, makes it soft and pliable and wet-resisting, and comfortable to wear; so here's to the *crème de la crème* of shoe-polishes!

Not So Saucy as Satisfactory. To be greedy in these days is to be a monstrosity, so,

if anyone cannot help being so, they must try to help showing it. The use of a really good sauce is a great help to assuage a large appetite at little cost. I know a man who is naturally *gourmand*, and was accustomed to square meals and extra gorges. Now he tells me that he can most quickly satisfy hunger with a hunk of bread, a large potato, some Lea and Perrins' sauce, and a wee bit of cheese. The value of Lea and Perrins in these times of making up tasty dishes with very ordinary and commonplace ingredients is simply inestimable. There is no such sauce, as every cook and caterer knows.



A jumper with that touch of originality which is so distinguished. It is made of pale-grey silk jersey, with a collar and one of the belts of apple-green; the sleeves are lined with the same colour. The rose is embroidered in crimson-and-green wool.



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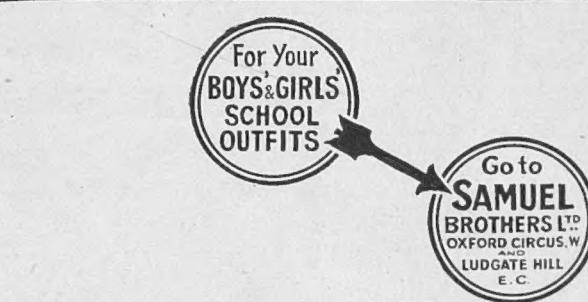
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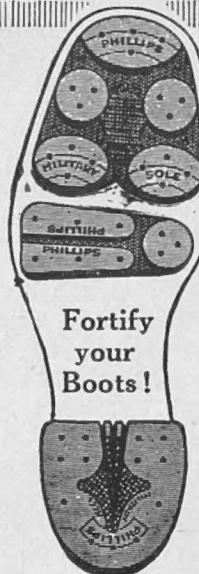
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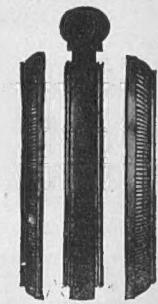
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